As Faulcons to the lure, away ſhe flies,
The graſſe ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſt, vnfortunately ſpies
The foule Boares conqueſt, on her faire delight,
Which ſeene, her eyes as murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly caue with paine,
And there all ſmoothred vp, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloudie view her eyes are fled,
Into the deepe-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office, and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them ſtill conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with looks againe,
Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſond in the ground,
Strugling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror, doth mens minds cõfound:
This mutinie each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That frõ their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And

And being opend, threw vnwilling night
Vpon the wide wound, that the Boare had drencht
In his ſoft flanke, whoſe wonted lillie white,
With purple tears that his woũd wept, had drencht,
No floure was nigh, no graſſe, herbe, leafe, or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeemd with him to bleed.

This ſolemne ſympathie, poore *Venus* noteth
Ouer one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head,
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, frantikly ſhe doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead,
Her voyce is ſtopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the woũd ſeem three,
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes, where no breach ſhold be:
His face ſeemes twain, ech ſeuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſſe my griefe for one,
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two *Adons* dead,
My ſighs are blowne away, my ſalt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red as fire,
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.